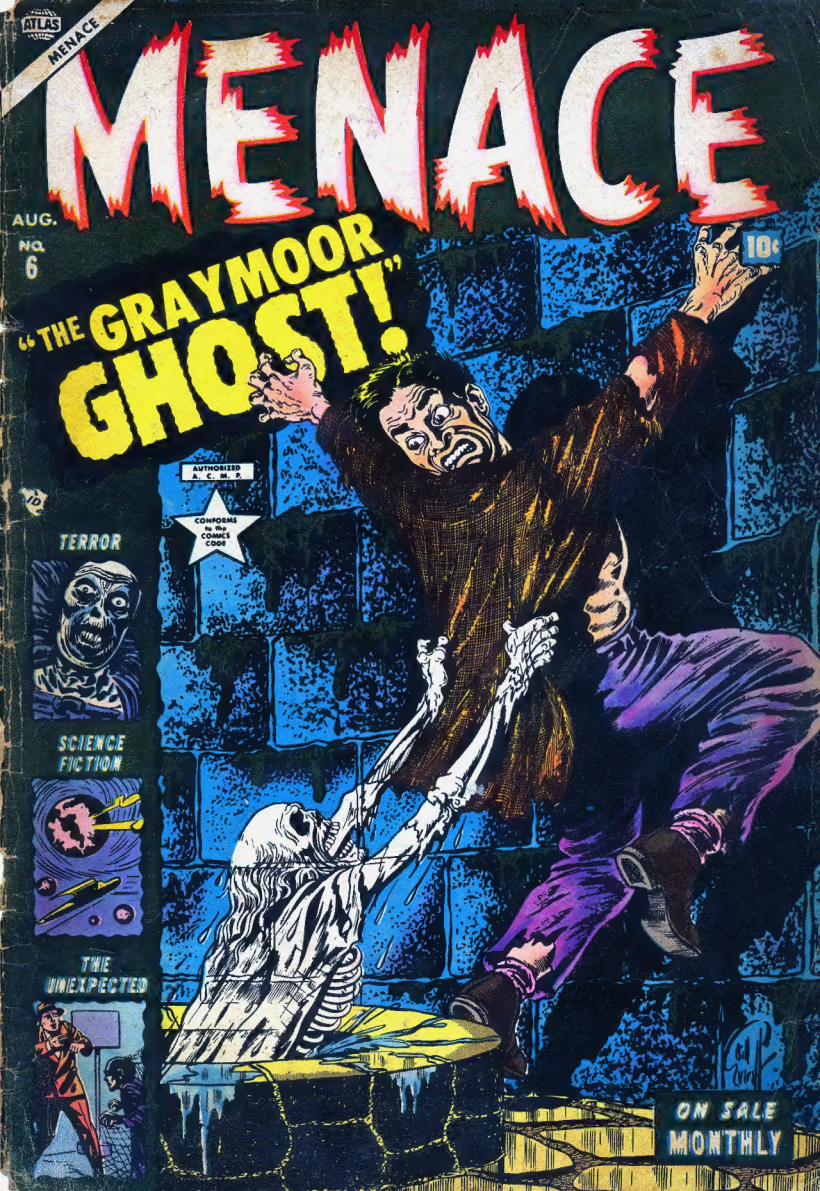
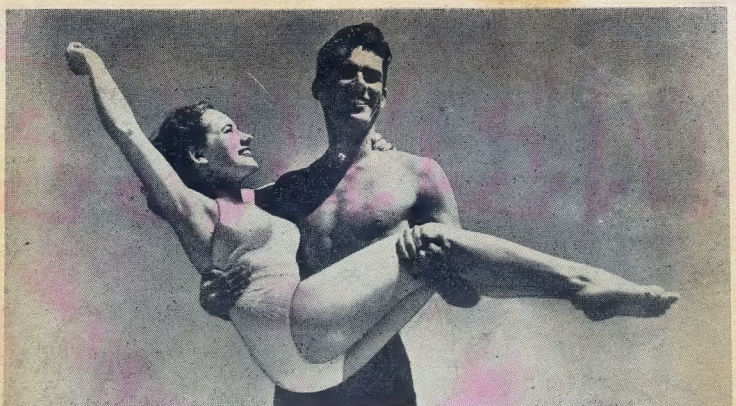

ATLAS
MENACE
MENACE
AUG.
NO. 6
"THE GRAYMOOR GHOST!"
10¢
AUTHORIZED A. C. M. P.
CONFORMS to the COMICS CODE
10¢
TERROR
SCIENCE FICTION
THE UNEXPECTED
ON SALE MONTHLY



Skinny Girls Don't Have OOMPH!

It takes those extra lbs. of solid flesh to "bring out" your natural curves

If you're otherwise healthy but skinny, scrawny, rundown and lbs. underweight, try correcting this common mistake in eating.

THERE are three essential substances that many thin, scrawny and undernourished girls may fail to get in sufficient quantity from the food they eat. These substances are Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron. If, like thousands of others, you are underweight without organic cause . . . never seem to gain a pound . . . are so thin that you look gangling and gawky from insufficient amounts of these precious elements, don't get discouraged.

You may find that by correcting this simple mistake in eating you can easily add firm solid flesh . . . extra alluring pounds that help bring out those natural eye-catching curves. A simple and easy way is to try the amazing new product called Numal that supplies, in significant amounts, the Vitamin B_1, calcium phosphate and iron needed in the daily diet. Plus a food that in itself is a great help in adding extra pounds.

Take 1 heaping teaspoonful of Numal 3 times a day. It is pleasant, assimilable and easy to take. You will get the equivalent in Vitamin B_1 content of 34 cakes of average moist baker's yeast . . . the iron equivalent of 15 pounds of tomatoes or 12⅓ pounds of spinach or 9 pounds of boiled beets...and the calcium equivalent of 44ths pint of fresh cow's milk, the phosphorus content of 1 glass.

Remember, if you don't get a sufficient quantity of Vitamin B_1 in your daily diet, you may suffer loss of appetite. And without sufficient iron, the element that helps build rich red blood, you may be rundown, pale, weak and listless. You need calcium phosphate for sound teeth and sturdy bones.

SKINNY MEN ARE NOT ATTRACTIVE EITHER

. . . a skinny, scrawny body is no asset in social or business life. Give NUMAL a chance to build you up, put firm flesh on you.

If loss of weight persists see your doctor

Numal Must Please You or No Cost

So if you are skinny, gangling and bony from lack of these precious nutrients, don't wait any longer. Get Numal today. You will want those extra pounds that "bring out" your natural eye-catching curves. Take Numal faithfully for a week. See if you can't actually feel the difference . . . gain weight and better color. If after this short period you honestly don't feel Numal has benefited you, just return the bottle for a complete refund of your money. Numal costs but a few cents a day to use

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP., 3560 Broadway, Dept. 97E, New York 31, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

U. S. NATURE PRODUCTS CORP.
3560 B'way, Dept. 97-E, New York 31, N. Y.

Send me at once a jar of NUMAL with the understanding that it must put weight on me or you'll refund my money after the first jar. I'll pay postman $2.00 plus C.O.D. charges and postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone... State.....

NOTE: If you want to save all postal charges enclose $2 check, money order or cash. We will pay all postal charges. Same money-back guarantee.

Sorry: Canadian orders cannot be sent C.O.D. Send International Money Order.

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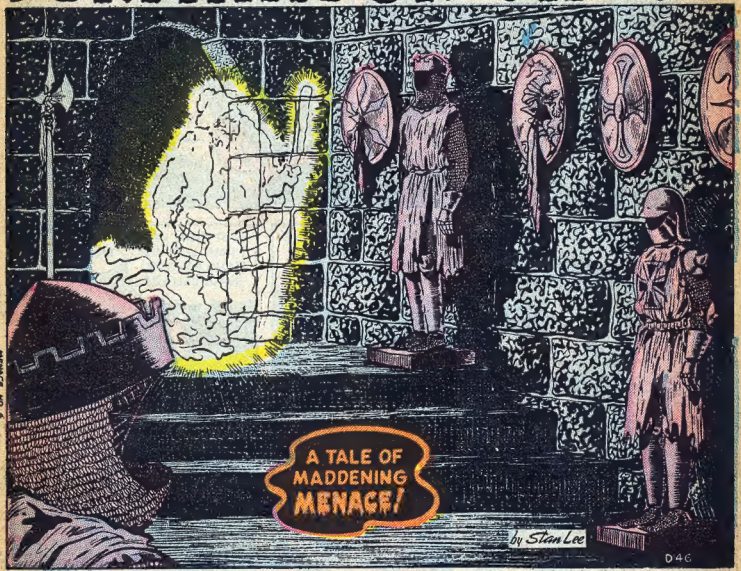
Printed in the U.S.A.

OUR LAST ISSUE FEATURED A ZOMBIE ·· THE ISSUE BEFORE THAT, A VAMPIRE ·· AND THE ONE BEFORE THAT, A WEREWOLF! BUT NO MAGAZINE OF MENACE CAN IGNORE THE GREAT CLASSIC OF SUSPENSE TALES ··· ***THE GHOST STORY!*** AND SO ····

THE GRAYMOOR GHOST

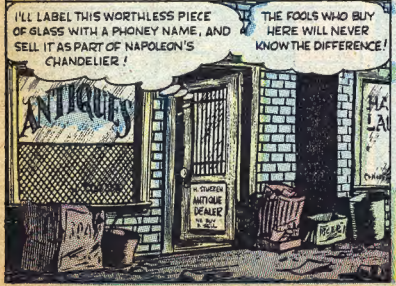


MENACE NO. 6

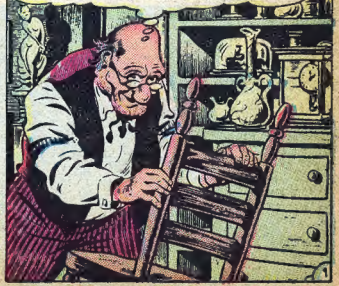
YOU LIVE IN THE PAST, HANS STUEBEN, AMONG RELICS OF BYGONE DAYS! FOR YOU ARE AN ANTIQUE DEALER ··· AND YOU ARE ALMOST AS OLD AND MUSTY AND WORTHLESS AS THE ITEMS YOU SELL IN YOUR DUSTY SHOP!

I'LL LABEL THIS WORTHLESS PIECE OF GLASS WITH A PHONEY NAME, AND SELL IT AS PART OF NAPOLEON'S CHANDELIER!

THE FOOLS WHO BUY HERE WILL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

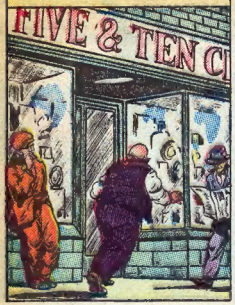


HERE'S THAT OLD CHAIR I BUILT MYSELF WHEN I FIRST OPENED THE SHOP! I'LL PUT SOME EARLY AMERICAN MAPLE STAIN ON IT, AND SELL IT AS A CHAIR THAT GEORGE WASHINGTON SAT ON!

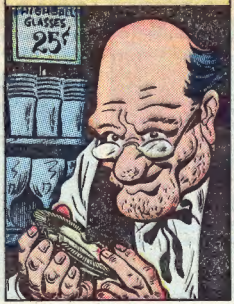


YOUR CUSTOMERS ARE ALL TYPES OF PEOPLE ··· OLD AND YOUNG ·· RICH AND POOR ··· SOME ARE SHY AND UNCERTAIN ·· LIKE THE ONE WHO'S ENTERING NOW ····
EXCUSE ME, MISTER ··· I ·· I'D LIKE TO BUY AN ANTIQUE ··· I THINK ···
YOU THINK? DON'T YOU KNOW??
MOVING
WELL, SIR ··· I KNOW ANTIQUES ARE EXPENSIVE ··· AND I HAVEN'T MUCH MONEY! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SAVE UP THE MONEY I'VE MADE BY SHINING SHOES ····
WELL ··· WELL ·· DON'T WASTE MY TIME! HOW MUCH MONEY DO YOU HAVE?
I HAVE EIGHT DOLLARS AND 45 CENTS ··· IS THAT ENOUGH?
OF COURSE! I'LL SELL YOU SOMETHING ··· WHO IS IT FOR?
IT'S FOR MY MOTHER! SHE'S VERY SICK ··· AND ALL HER LIFE SHE'S WANTED A GENUINE ANTIQUE!
WAIT RIGHT HERE! I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR HER IN THE CELLAR!
OH, THANK YOU!
WHAT'S THIS, HANS STUEBEN? HAVE YOU GROWN SOFT IN YOUR OLD AGE? YOU RACE DOWN INTO YOUR GLOOMY CELLAR AS THOUGH YOU CAN'T WAIT TO GIVE THAT POOR BOY A WONDERFUL ANTIQUE FOR HIS SICK MOTHER ····
BUT YOU DON'T STOP IN THE CELLAR! YOU KEEP RIGHT ON GOING, RUSHING UP THE BACK STAIRS AND OUT INTO THE STREET! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HANS? WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
SERVICE ENTRANCE
2

YOU RUSH NEXT DOOR TO THE FIVE-AND-TEN CENT STORE ··· HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR CUSTOMER?

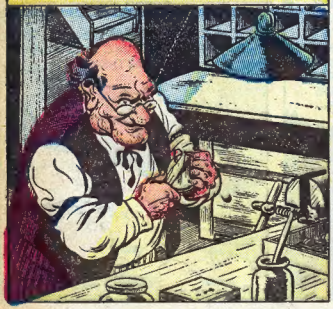


WITHOUT PAUSING FOR BREATH, YOU STOP AT THE GLASSWARE COUNTER AND BUY A TEN-CENT ASH TRAY ···

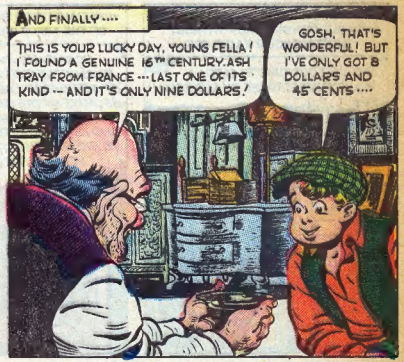


THEN, CLUTCHING IT TIGHTLY IN YOUR GNARLED AND CLAWLIKE HAND, YOU RACE BACK TO THE SHOP, A SLY SMILE ON YOUR CROOKED, WITHERED FEATURES!

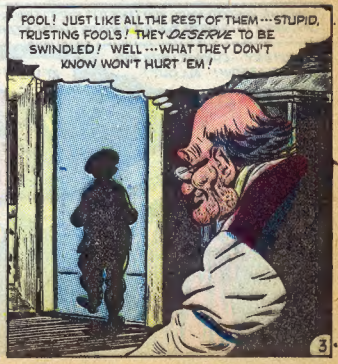
IN YOUR CELLAR AGAIN, IT ONLY TAKES A FEW SECONDS TO REMOVE THE 10-CENT PRICE TAG AND SCRATCH THE GLASS ENOUGH TO MAKE IT LOOK WORN AND AGED···



AND FINALLY····


THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, YOUNG FELLA! I FOUND A GENUINE 16TH CENTURY ASH TRAY FROM FRANCE ··· LAST ONE OF ITS KIND ··· AND IT'S ONLY NINE DOLLARS!
GOSH, THAT'S WONDERFUL! BUT I'VE ONLY GOT 8 DOLLARS AND 45 CENTS····

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SONNY···· WE'LL FORGET THE EXTRA 55¢! THAT'S WHY EVERYONE SAYS OLD HANS STUEBEN HAS A HEART OF GOLD!
GEE, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MR. STUEBEN! JUST WAIT'LL MOM SEES THIS! SHE'LL LOVE IT!!!


FOOL! JUST LIKE ALL THE REST OF THEM ··· STUPID, TRUSTING FOOLS! THEY DESERVE TO BE SWINDLED! WELL ··· WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT 'EM!

YOU FEEL PRETTY PROUD OF YOURSELF, HANS! NOWHERE IN THAT WEATHER-BEATEN FRAME OF YOURS IS THERE A TWINGE OF CONSCIENCE OR REMORSE! YOU'RE STILL SMILING AS YOU TURN ON YOUR RADIO....

IT'S TIME FOR THE NEWS NOW....

CLICK!

....AND FROM DOONBRY, SCOTLAND, COMES THE NEWS THAT THE FURNISHINGS OF GRAYMOOR CASTLE, THE OLDEST CASTLE ON EARTH, ARE GOING TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION NEXT WEDNESDAY...

GRAYMOOR CASTLE! I COULD GET RICH SELLING THOSE FURNISHINGS!!

YOU ARE SO EXCITED, HANS, THAT YOU DASH OUT OF YOUR SHOP WITHOUT SHUTTING YOUR RADIO OFF....

I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO CATCH A PLANE AND GET THERE BY WEDNESDAY!

....AND YOU MISS THE REST OF THE NEWS ITEM....

....NO ONE HAS EVER BOUGHT THE FURNISHINGS OF GRAYMOOR CASTLE BECAUSE OF THE CURSE OF THE GRAYMOOR GHOST... AND NO ONE IS EXPECTED TO BID FOR THEM THIS YEAR, EITHER....

WITHIN A FEW SHORT HOURS YOU'RE ON A PLANE BOUND FOR SCOTLAND....WITH A FEVERISH EXCITEMENT BURNING IN YOUR BOSOM....

I'VE GOT TO BUY THOSE THINGS! I KNOW PEOPLE IN AMERICA WHO WILL PAY ANY PRICE FOR THEM!

LANDING IN SCOTLAND, YOU TAKE THE FIRST TRAIN TO DOONBRY....WHERE THE GRAYMOOR CASTLE STANDS!

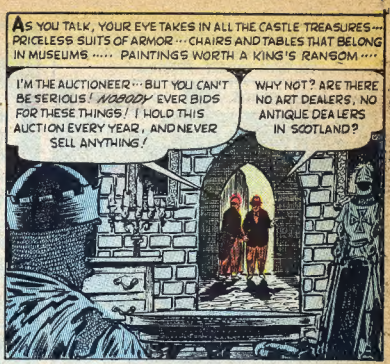
DOONBRY...CHANGE HERE FOR GLASGOW! ALL OUT!

AT LAST!

AND THEN YOU SEE IT...GREY AND BLEAK, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY, WHERE IT HAS STOOD FOR COUNTLESS CENTURIES....LOADED WITH PRICELESS ANTIQUE TREASURES!

I'M JUST IN TIME...THE AUCTION SHOULD BE STARTING NOW!

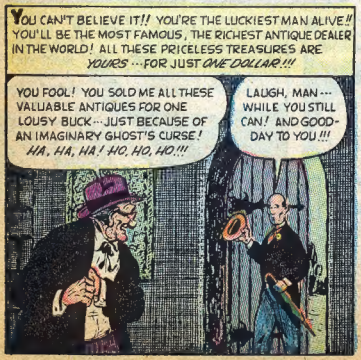
YOU KNOCK ON THE HUGE OAK DOOR, AND IT CREAKS OPEN··· GIVING YOU A VIEW OF THE SOMBER, MUSTY, ANCIENT HALL···
YES?
I'M HANS STUEBEN, AN ANTIQUE DEALER FROM NEW YORK···I CAME TO BID FOR THESE FURNISHINGS!

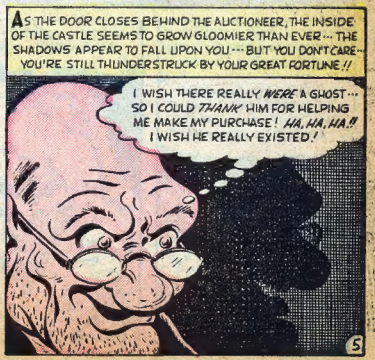

AS YOU TALK, YOUR EYE TAKES IN ALL THE CASTLE TREASURES··· PRICELESS SUITS OF ARMOR···CHAIRS AND TABLES THAT BELONG IN MUSEUMS ····· PAINTINGS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM····
I'M THE AUCTIONEER···BUT YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! NOBODY EVER BIDS FOR THESE THINGS! I HOLD THIS AUCTION EVERY YEAR, AND NEVER SELL ANYTHING!
WHY NOT? ARE THERE NO ART DEALERS, NO ANTIQUE DEALERS IN SCOTLAND?

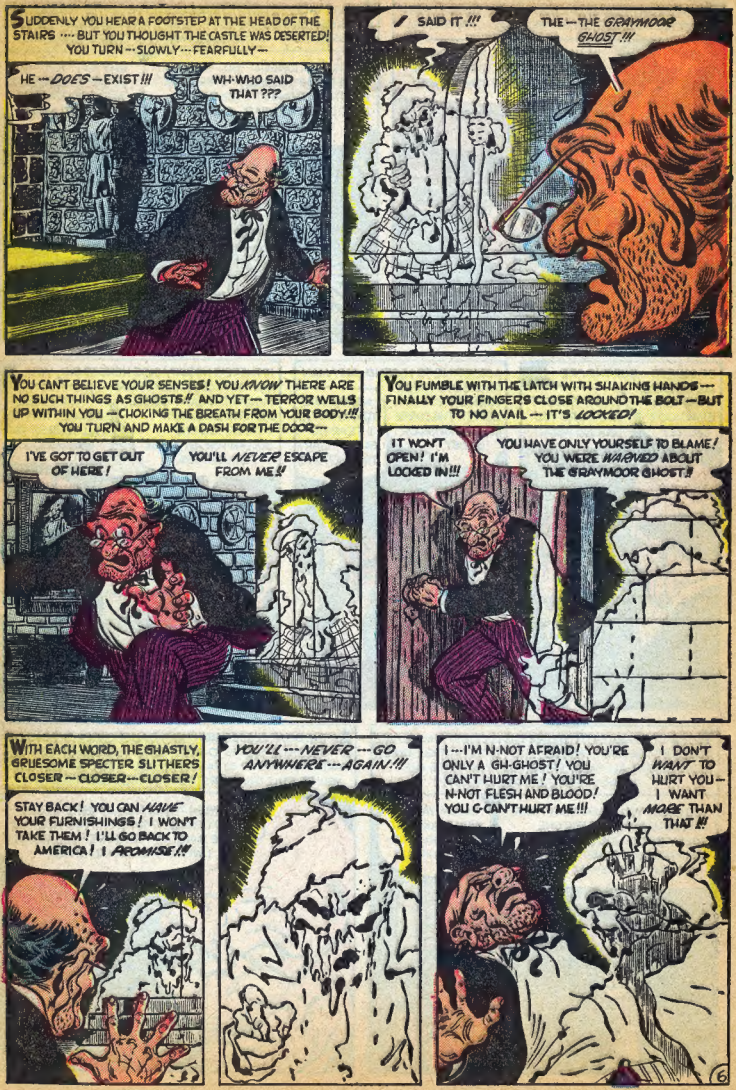
OF COURSE···BUT THEY'RE ALL IN FEAR OF THE GHOST OF GRAYMOOR CASTLE!
WHAT GHOST? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, ANY MAN WHO BUYS THESE FURNISHINGS WILL SUFFER THE CURSE OF THE GRAYMOOR GHOST!
NONSENSE! TOMMYROT!!! I FEAR NO GHOST! START THE AUCTION!!!

IF THERE'S NOBODY ELSE HERE TO BID, YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT ANY OFFER··· I KNOW THE LAW! SO I'LL BID ONE DOLLAR!!! I OFFER YOU ONE DOLLAR FOR ALL THESE FURNISHINGS!
VERY WELL··· SOLD!!! THEY'RE ALL YOURS···FOR ONE DOLLAR!


YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT!! YOU'RE THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE!! YOU'LL BE THE MOST FAMOUS, THE RICHEST ANTIQUE DEALER IN THE WORLD! ALL THESE PRICELESS TREASURES ARE YOURS···FOR JUST ONE DOLLAR!!!
YOU FOOL! YOU SOLD ME ALL THESE VALUABLE ANTIQUES FOR ONE LOUSY BUCK···JUST BECAUSE OF AN IMAGINARY GHOST'S CURSE! HA, HA, HA! HO, HO, HO!!!
LAUGH, MAN··· WHILE YOU STILL CAN! AND GOOD-DAY TO YOU!!!


AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THE AUCTIONEER, THE INSIDE OF THE CASTLE SEEMS TO GROW GLOOMIER THAN EVER··· THE SHADOWS APPEAR TO FALL UPON YOU···BUT YOU DON'T CARE··· YOU'RE STILL THUNDERSTRUCK BY YOUR GREAT FORTUNE!!
I WISH THERE REALLY WERE A GHOST··· SO I COULD THANK HIM FOR HELPING ME MAKE MY PURCHASE! HA, HA, HA!! I WISH HE REALLY EXISTED!


SUDDENLY YOU HEAR A FOOTSTEP AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS .... BUT YOU THOUGHT THE CASTLE WAS DESERTED! YOU TURN -- SLOWLY -- FEARFULLY --
HE -- DOES -- EXIST !!!
WH-WHO SAID THAT ???
I SAID IT !!!
THE -- THE GRAYMOOR GHOST !!!
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE YOUR SENSES! YOU KNOW THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!! AND YET -- TERROR WELLS UP WITHIN YOU -- CHOKING THE BREATH FROM YOUR BODY!!! YOU TURN AND MAKE A DASH FOR THE DOOR --
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE !
YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM ME !!
YOU FUMBLE WITH THE LATCH WITH SHAKING HANDS -- FINALLY YOUR FINGERS CLOSE AROUND THE BOLT -- BUT TO NO AVAIL -- IT'S LOCKED!
IT WON'T OPEN! I'M LOCKED IN!!!
YOU HAVE ONLY YOURSELF TO BLAME! YOU WERE WARNED ABOUT THE GRAYMOOR GHOST!!
WITH EACH WORD, THE GHASTLY, GRUESOME SPECTER SLITHERS CLOSER -- CLOSER -- CLOSER!
STAY BACK! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FURNISHINGS! I WON'T TAKE THEM! I'LL GO BACK TO AMERICA! I PROMISE!!!
YOU'LL -- NEVER -- GO ANYWHERE -- AGAIN !!!
I -- I'M N-NOT AFRAID! YOU'RE ONLY A GH-GHOST! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! YOU'RE N-NOT FLESH AND BLOOD! YOU C-CAN'T HURT ME !!!
I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU -- I WANT MORE THAN THAT !!!
6

YOU'RE AN OLD MAN, HANS STUEBEN, AND YOUR HEART ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH FOR SUCH A STRAIN! YOU FEEL A PAIN IN YOUR CHEST··· AND YOU RECOGNIZE THE WARNING SIGNAL!!

I··· I'LL CHEAT YOU AFTER ALL!! MY HEART··· I'M GOING TO DIE! I'LL ESCAPE YOU NOW!!

THERE··· IS··· NO ESCAPE··· HANS STUEBEN!!!

AT FIRST ALL IS BLACK AND EMPTY··· AND YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE EXPERIENCING THE LAST GREAT ADVENTURE OF ALL— *DEATH!!!*

BUT THEN YOUR EYES BEGIN TO OPEN··· YOU CAN SEE NO COLOR··· ONLY BLACK··· AND WHITE···

THE SHAPES BECOME CLEARER··· YOU SEE THE CASTLE HALL··· THE PAINTINGS··· THE FURNITURE··· BUT THE GHOST IS GONE! WHAT'S HAPPENED? ARE YOU STILL ALIVE? OR··· *IS THIS DEATH?*

THIS *CAN'T* BE DEATH··· BUT I'M *SO TIRED*··· *SO VERY* TIRED! I'VE GOT TO REST··· BUT I *CAN'T* REST!!!

AND THEN YOU HEAR IT··· THE VOICE··· THE VOICE OF THE GRAYMOOR GHOST!

NO, HANS STUEBEN··· YOU'LL NEVER REST AGAIN··· FOR *THAT* IS THE CURSE OF THE GHOST OF GRAYMOOR CASTLE!! HE WHO BUYS ONE BIT OF FURNITURE FROM THIS CASTLE MUST TAKE *MY* PLACE! YOU SHALL WALK THESE HALLS··· FOR ALL ETERNITY! FAREWELL, HANS STUEBEN!!!

WAIT! COME BACK!!

YOU REALIZE HE WILL *NEVER* COME BACK!··· AND YOU HAVE FURNISHED THE PERFECT HELL FOR YOURSELF··· HERE AMONG THE ANTIQUES YOU WANTED SO BADLY, YOU WILL DWELL FOREVER··· NEVER TO REST··· FOR **YOU**, HANS STUEBEN, ARE NOW, AND FOR ALL ETERNITY··· THE *GRAYMOOR GHOST!!!*

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

"TRAPPED"

MONONGAHELA MUNROE was the first man on Venus. He knew it. Back on Earth, the thundering crowds that had seen his ship off on its maiden flight, had known it. He could remember the weeping, waving, girls; the strong, manly handclasps; the bunting and gay banners that surrounded ANDERSON Field on that memorable day—two weeks ago—when the *Congressman Newton* took off for Venus. But if he *was* the first man on Venus, why was his left foot caught tightly and irremovably in a late nineteenth century beartrap?

Heat and pain crowded hallucinations into his brain. He could be crazy. It might be a delusion—and yet the pain was horribly real. He lifted his head and shielding his eyes from the burning sun, he looked back over the mountainous terrain he had traveled in the past five hours. He looked down at the trap again and let a sob escape from his lips. This was stupid. He—Monongahela Monroe, explorer extraordinary, adventure-scarred veteran of hundreds of treks into the interior of darkest Europa — caught in an ancient trap, and very obviously and amateurishly contrived and set at that.

But — who would have been on the lookout for it? He fumbled in his plastic jacket for a cigarette and groaned between clenched teeth at the throb of agony the movement had brought.

He had left his ship, blaster in one hand, and recording camera clicking away at his waist. Cautiously, he had picked his way through the purple, bloated, ankle-high grass, eyes peeled for signs of animal life. The purple plain had stretched endlessly into the horizon, its sameness broken only by clumps of five or six low-foliaged, twisted trees, and by low hills of rocks.

The hills were too evenly spaced to be natural, but the two or three he had taken apart revealed nothing but the solid heap of irregular, fist-sized boulders, piled as high as Monogahela's waist.

After five miles of nothing but purple grass, twisted trees and stone haystacks, he came upon the brook. By this time the quiet had begun to unnerve him, and he found himself increasingly worried about the mysterious mound builders. Who were they? Where were they?

It was when he'd looked into the glass-clear brook that it had happened. The tiny aquatic animals, lashing heads on either ends had reminded him of the man-eating *piranhas* of darkest America, he'd smiled knowingly to himself. This was one chance that a novice might have taken, but he, of course, knew better. Oh yes! So he'd leaped the brook, and landed on the other side smack into a bear trap that sunk it's razor-sharp teeth into both his legs.

He could tell that his left leg was broken. His right leg? He wasn't sure. He coughed and flipped the cigarette into the brook. Before it reached the water one of the fish — he thought of them as fish—shot out and grabbed it in the mouth of one of its heads. Monroe twisted back in surprise — pain shooting up his thigh. But he blinked and looked again at what he saw then. The creature didn't fall back into the smooth mirrored surface of the brook. Instead eight other *fishes* leaped immediately into action, one beneath the other — like master jugglers—balancing the top one, who proceeded to blow smoke out of the other head.

Mouth open, Monongahela watched unbelievingly until the cigarette had been smoked to a half-inch butt. Then the crazy pyramid dissolved back into the water and only the smooth surface of the brook could be seen again.

Monongahela drew in a breath sharply and discovered to his surprise that he had sat down while the floor-show was on. The pain in his legs, momentarily forgotten, returned in a wave of anguish.

He fumbled in his plastic jacket and brought out a spray hypodermic. He depressed the plunger over his leg and sighed with relief as the hundred c.c.'s of pseudomorphine took hold. Thank the lord, at least he'd

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY...

JUNIOR SPACE PILOTS ON THE BEAM!

GIVEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

I'M IN A HURRY TO GET BACK TO OUR EARTH BASE, PENNY, THE MAIL MAN'S BRINGING MY NEW CAMERA!

JUMPIN' JUPITER! YOU'RE SURE SIZZLING TH' OL' ROCKET TODAY, TED!

SAY! THAT CAMERA SURE IS SUPERSONIC! YOU MUST HAVE STRUCK A URANIUM LODE!

DIDN'T COST ME A DIME - JUST GOT IT FOR SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!

HURRY AN' GET DE-PRES-SURIZED!

MAIL COUPON

Football, Pocket Watches, etc.

I'VE EARNED A SWELL RADIO AND A TELESCOPE TOO! IT'S EASY SELLING TO YOUR FRIENDS - AND YOU GIVE 'EM THESE SWELL ART PICTURES -

THAT'S FOR ME!

Fishing Outfits . . . Flashlights . . . 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles

ACT NOW!

HURRY

TRAINING BASE

OUTTA MY JET TRAIL, MATES - I'M MAILING THE COUPON FOR THAT BIG NEW PREMIUM CATALOG NOW!

U.S. MAIL

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Cameras, Corn Poppers, Speedball Cartoon Sets, Aluminum Ware, Blankets (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start.

ACT NOW

Ukeleles, Watches, Invisible Dolls.

WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE 35¢

OUR 58th YEAR

Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, etc. Mail coupon

LET'S GO!

ACT NOW

BE FIRST

Radios, Candid Cameras with carrying cases, Telescopes, Roller Skates (sent postage paid) . . . Mail coupon to start.

LOOK!

Food Choppers, Carving Sets, Bibles, Mail coupon.

WE TRUST YOU!

22 Cal Rifles, Archery Sets, School Boxes, Wallets, Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to start

LET'S GO!

Footballs, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Boys', Girls' Bicycles (express chgs. collect).

ACT NOW!

Boys Girls Wrist Watches, Baking Sets, Typewriters, etc

Electric Dresser Sets, Cook Books, etc

ACT NOW!!

OUR 58th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL →

MAIL COUPON!

GET BIG CATALOG!

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent postage paid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Pen & Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (postage pd.). Rush coupon to start!

LET'S GO!

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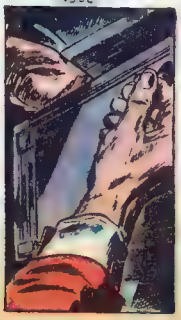
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

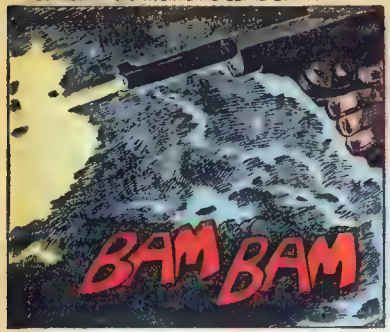
IT'S A FAR CRY FROM GHOSTS TO CHESS GAMES...BUT THEY BOTH HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON...THEY BOTH CAN FURNISH THE INSPIRATION FOR TALES OF SHEER HORROR! AS PROOF OF THIS, SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO POOR STEFEN KRAG, WHEN FATE CRIES...

CHECKMATE!

YOU'RE HOME EARLY TONIGHT, STEFEN KRAG! CARLA ISN'T EXPECTING YOU UNTIL TOMORROW! YOU'RE TIRED... YOU'RE GLAD TO BE HOME... IT WILL BE GOOD TO SEE CARLA! YOU WALK TOWARD THE DOOR... BUT WAIT... WHAT IS THAT YOU HEAR? VOICES... LAUGHING... CARLA... AND... IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR FRIEND ERIC! YOU REACH FOR THE KNOB... YOU SWING THE DOOR OPEN WIDE... AND THEN YOUR BRAIN SNAPS!



YOUR BRAIN IS THROBBING SO THAT YOU DON'T EVEN HEAR THE 6 SHOTS! THE FIRST TWO SHOTS DID THE JOB PERFECTLY BUT YOU CAN'T STOP.. YOU WON'T STOP... YOU MUSN'T STOP... UNTIL THE CLIP IS EMPTY!



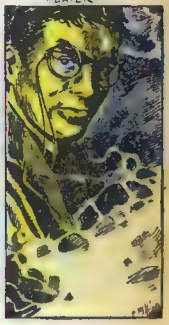
AS YOU STAND TRANSFIXED TO THE SPOT, WITH THE SMOKE SWIRLING ABOUT YOU, TIME SEEMS TO BE SPINNING BACKWARDS AND YOU SEE CARLA AGAIN, AS YOU FIRST SAW HER... 15 YEARS AGO..

SHE ASKED YOU WHAT THOSE FUNNY LITTLE FIGURES WERE... SHE DISTURBED YOUR TRAIN OF THOUGHT!

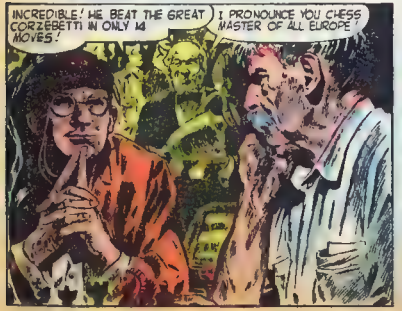
WHEN SHE TRIED TO PICK ONE OF THE CHESSMEN UP, WITH NATURAL CHILDISH CURIOSITY, YOU COULDN'T CONTROL YOUR TEMPER...

SHE FELL AND HURT HERSELF.. BUT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU NOTHING MATTERED TO YOU BUT THOSE CHESSMEN!

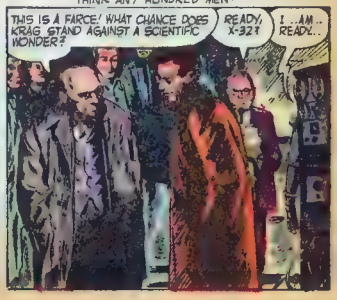
FOR EVEN THEN, AT THE AGE OF 18, YOU KNEW YOU WERE THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING CHESS PLAYER.



BY THE TIME YOU WERE 20, YOU HAD WON EVERY CHESS TOURNAMENT IN ALL OF EUROPE!



THEN ONE DAY, YOU WERE PREPARED FOR YOUR GREATEST TEST... YOU HAD BEEN CHALLENGED TO PLAY X-32, THE MIRACULOUS ELECTRONIC ROBOT, WHICH COULD OUT-THINK ANY HUNDRED MEN!



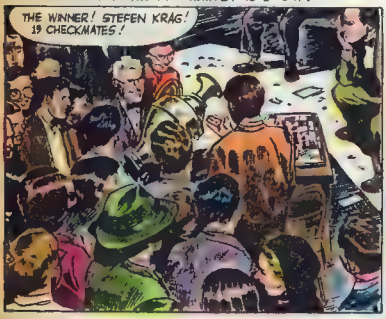
THE GAME LASTED FOR 6 HOURS AND 28 MINUTES! YOU PLAYED ..IKE YOU HAD NEVER PLAYED BEFORE! EVERY MOVE WAS A STROKE OF GENIUS!

THE MACHINE WAS SILENT... MOTIONLESS ... EXCEPT FOR THE MOVEMENT OF AN ARM WHEN IT MADE ITS PLAY! IT SEEMED TO BE INVINCIBLE!

BUT AT THE END OF THE 6 HOURS AND 28 MINUTES, THE MACHINE'S ELECTRONIC SYSTEM GROUND TO A HALT AND THE TWO SYNTHETIC ARMS FELL LISTLESSLY TO THEIR SIDES...

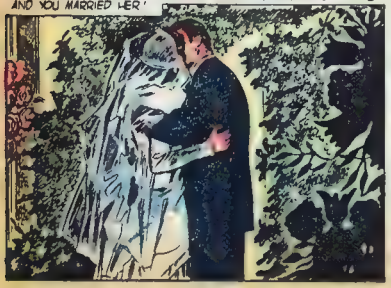
AND YOU STOOD UP IN TRIUMPH AS YOU HEARD THE JUDGES INCREDULOUS VOICE CRY OUT...

AFTER THAT, THERE WERE NO OPPONENTS LEFT FOR YOU! YOU BECAME CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! YOU GAVE EXHIBITIONS, PLAYING FIVE, 10, EVEN 15 EXPERTS AT ONE TIME... AND BEATING THEM ALL WITH ALMOST NO EFFORT!

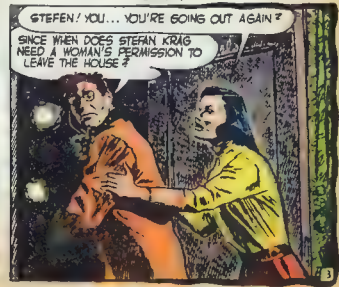


BUT AS THE YEARS SPED BY, LITTLE CARLA JENSSEN WAS BLOSSOMING INTO A BEAUTIFUL, DESIRABLE WOMAN... A WOMAN WHOM YOU GREW TO TAKE NOTICE OF... TO SHOWER ATTENTION UPON... AND TO LOVE

IT WAS ONLY FITTING THAT THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHESS MASTER SHOULD MARRY ONE OF THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST WOMAN...IT DIDN'T MATTER TO YOU WHETHER SHE LOVED YOU OR NOT! YOU PROPOSED TO HER...YOU TOLD HER OF WEALTH ..OF PRICELESS GIFTS ..OF FABULOUS TRIPS TO ENCHANTED LANDS. AND YOU MARRIED HER!



BUT ONCE SHE WAS YOURS, YOU IGNORED HER! YOU RETURNED TO YOUR WORLD OF CHESSMEN AND CHESS PROBLEMS! YOU LEFT HER TO HER OWN DEVICES! AFTER ALL YOU WERE A GENIUS, AND SHE JUST A WOMAN!



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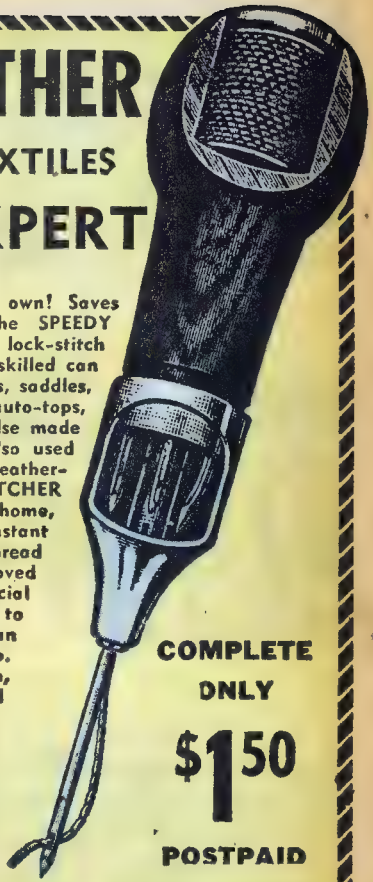
SEW LEATHER

AND TOUGH TEXTILES

LIKE AN EXPERT



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IT HAD TO HAPPEN! IT HAD TO END THIS WAY! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN, STEFEN! A WOMAN LIKE CARLA WASN'T GOING TO SIT HOME AND CRY NIGHT AFTER NIGHT! BUT NOW YOU MUST COMPOSE YOURSELF...YOU MUST COME TO YOUR SENSES... THINK ...THINK ...IN EUROPE A MAN GETS HUNG FOR MURDER... NO MATTER WHAT HIS MOTIVES!

THEY'LL KNOW YOU DID IT, STEFEN! THEY'LL CATCH YOU, AND THEY'LL HANG YOU! THEY WON'T CARE THAT YOU'RE THE WORLD'S GREATEST CHESS WIZARD...THAT ROPE WILL BITE JUST AS HARD AS IF YOU WERE A NOBODY! BUT YOU'RE SMARTER THAN ANY OF THEM...YOU CAN OUT-THINK A DOZEN MEN...YOU CAN OUT-THINK A ROBOT! DO IT NOW, STEFEN...YOUR LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

IT'S JUST LIKE A CHESS PROBLEM! THERE MUST BE A MOVE I CAN MAKE THAT WILL FREE ME FROM THE TRAP...I'LL FIND IT...THEY'LL NEVER HANG STEFEN KRAG!

AND THEN IT HITS YOU! IT'S SO SIMPLE...SO CLEAR...SO COMPLETELY FOOLPROOF! YOU RACE OUT OF THE ROOM!

YOU STORM INTO THE BATHROOM AND HURL OPEN THE MEDICINE CHEST! YOUR FINGERS CLUTCH THE BONE HANDLE OF YOUR RAZOR...

WITH SWIFT, DEFT MOTIONS YOU SHAVE EVERY HAIR FROM THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR CHEATING THE GALLOWS!

FINISHED, YOU STUDY YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR! A STRANGE FACE LOOKS BACK AT YOU, THE FACE OF A MAN WHOM NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN BEFORE

THEY'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME!

YOU HIDE THE BODIES IN THE CELLAR AND LEAVE THE HOUSE, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS! BY DAWN, YOU'RE OVER THE BORDER INTO AUSTRIA AND IN A SMALL, LONELY ROOMING HOUSE...

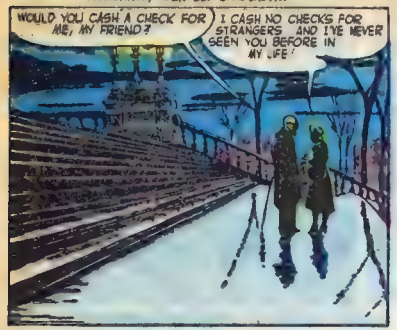
I'M A WRITER, WORKING ON A NOVEL! I DON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED FOR WEEKS, UNDERSTAND? JUST DELIVER MY MEALS TO MY ROOM!

JA, MEIN HERR!

IT ONLY TAKES A MONTH AND A HALF FOR YOU TO DEVELOP A THICK, LUXURIANT GROWTH OF BEARD! WHERE ONCE HAD EXISTED STEFAN KRAG, CHESS WIZARD ...NOW A STRANGE, BALDHEADED, BEARDED FACE PEERS AT YOU...AND YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER HANG!

AMAZING! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE I'M MYSELF!

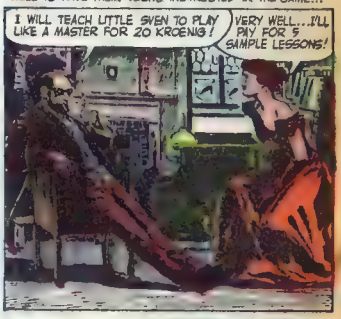
YOU CROSS THE BORDER BACK INTO YOUR OWN VILLAGE! IF YOUR OWN NEIGHBORS NO LONGER RECOGNIZE YOU, YOU'LL KNOW YOUR DISGUISE IS PERFECT. YOU MEET SASHA HORGARTH, YOUR OLD LANDLADY...



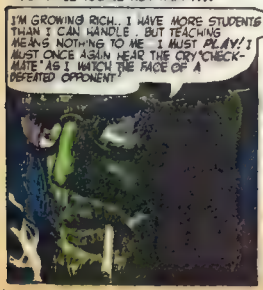
AND MAYOR THULE, THE MAN WHO PERFORMED YOUR MARRIAGE CEREMONY...

YOU SMILE GRIMLY TO YOURSELF! YOU'VE WON AGAIN! YOU'RE SAFE!

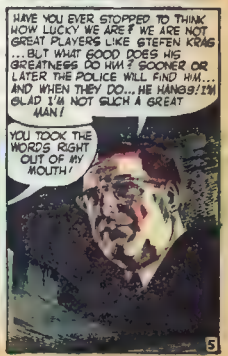
BUT A NEW PROBLEM ARISES!! YOU'VE GOT TO EARN A LIVING... AND CHESS IS THE ONLY THING YOU KNOW! FORTUNATELY CHESS IS IMPORTANT IN YOUR TOWN, AND THE PARENTS OF THE TOWN'S WEALTHIEST CHILDREN PAY WELL TO HAVE THEIR YOUNG INSTRUCTED IN THE GAME...



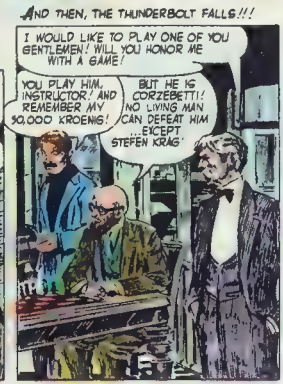
YOUR REPUTATION GROWS... PARENTS BEG YOU TO ACCEPT THEIR CHILDREN AS YOUR STUDENTS. YOU BEGIN TO CHARGE LARGE FEES.. THE MONEY ROLLS IN... BUT STILL YOU'RE NOT HAPPY...


I'M GROWING RICH.. I HAVE MORE STUDENTS THAN I CAN HANDLE . BUT TEACHING MEANS NOTHING TO ME . I MUST PLAY! I MUST ONCE AGAIN HEAR THE CRY 'CHECK-MATE' AS I WATCH THE FACE OF A DEFEATED OPPONENT!

AND SO YOU PLAY AGAINST THE OTHER INSTRUCTORS IN TOWN...CAUTIOUSLY AT FIRST... NOT TOO WELL.. NONE MUST SUSPECT THAT YOU'RE REALLY STEFEN KRAG.. FOR WHOM THE POLICE OF HALF OF EUROPE ARE SEARCHING...


HAVE YOU EVER STOPPED TO THINK HOW LUCKY WE ARE? WE ARE NOT GREAT PLAYERS LIKE STEFEN KRAG ... BUT WHAT GOOD DOES HIS GREATNESS DO HIM? SOONER OR LATER THE POLICE WILL FIND HIM... AND WHEN THEY DO... HE HANGS! I'M GLAD I'M NOT SUCH A GREAT MAN!
YOU TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH!

YOU RECOGNIZE THE ONE WHO SUMMONS YOU! IT IS VOSSILY, THE DREADED LEADER OF THE MAFIA... UNDISPUTED KING OF THE EUROPEAN UNDERWORLD!
I HAVE WATCHED YOU PLAY CHESS! I LIKE YOUR STYLE! ALSO I LIKE THE WAY YOU TEACH! YOU HAVE ABILITY! I HAVE BET 50,000 KROENIS THAT YOU WILL WIN YOUR NEXT CHESS GAME!
I AM FLATTERED, MEIN HERR!


AND THEN, THE THUNDERBOLT FALLS!!!
I WOULD LIKE TO PLAY ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN! WILL YOU HONOR ME WITH A GAME!
YOU PLAY HIM, INSTRUCTOR! AND REMEMBER MY 50,000 KROENIS!
BUT HE IS CORZEBETTI! NO LIVING MAN CAN DEFEAT HIM EXCEPT STEFEN KRAG!

I DO NOT KNOW CORZEBETTI! I ONLY KNOW THAT I HAVE WAGERED 50,000 KROENIS ON YOU AND VOSSILY NEVER LOSES A BET! IF YOU DON'T PLAY CORZEBETTI, YOU'LL DIE! IF YOU LOSE, YOU'LL DIE! NOW PLAY... AND WIN!

AND HERE YOU SIT, AS CORZEBETTI MAKES THE FIRST MOVE! IF YOU LOSE TO HIM, VOSSILY WILL KILL YOU AS HE WOULD STEP ON AN ANT... AND IF YOU DEFEAT CORZEBETTI, THE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU ARE STEFEN KRAG AND YOU WILL HANG BEFORE A FORTNIGHT IS OUT!
THERE! NOW YOUR MOVE, MY FRIEND!
CLICK
5

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO

SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MUSCLE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB --- BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH HOMBRES IN THE SHOP IN LINE!
WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!
TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?
OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE --- BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS --- I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT OUT AS WELL AS TAKE IT!
IT'S NO USE, SAM--- I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!
TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY, 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD!
GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! I AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-DILLER!
GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!
NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!
OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
HONEST, TOM, I--I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!
TWO MONTHS LATER...
THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM! AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL "SOMEBODY" WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!
THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD... AND HOW!
C.C. BECK

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Why let the other fellow walk away with the job . . . and girl that should be yours? Life's prizes go to the smart man who keeps himself in "prize" physical condition. It's easy with the sensational new 'MINI-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can . . .

Enjoy Real Fun Out Of Keeping Fit

Man alive, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's fun-packed exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new *personal* instruction book . . . you'll eat it up! Find yourself having real fun . . . and loving it!

See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Get You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most . . . and girls go for fastest! Can't help but be, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an *all-round, all-over* body conditioner . . . meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up *every* muscle in your *whole* body!

'MINI-GYM'S' Perfected By The Famous JOE BONOMO!

World famous professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So on 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for gradual, *progressive* body-building!

Great For Women, Too! Builds Pep, Personality!

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's easy enough to be handled . . . and enjoyed . . . by any teen-age girl or small woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder gals everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM'! In a big, BIG way!

FREE Joe Bonomo's Personal Instruction Book

Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, this big, 64-page book printed in 2 colors, gives you a complete 'MINI-GYM' health course. Far more than an instruction manual, it's an *all-round, all-over* Body Conditioner Course! Complete with 90 especially posed photos, charts and facts to follow real. Size 8½" x 11". YOURS FREE with your 'MINI GYM'!

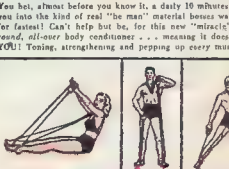
You Can't Be Too Old For 'MINI-GYM'!

Thirteen or 30, 18 or 80, once you see 'MINI-GYM', you can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' adapts *instantly* to the exercise needs . . . and thrills . . . of any age and all physical conditions from the weakest to the strongest!

POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

You, it means just that! Order your 'MINI GYM' today. Then test it in every way possible . . . exercise with it and enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you are not satisfied in every way . . . in fact, delighted . . . just return 'MINI GYM', and your money will be *instantly* refunded! Fair enough, isn't it?

'MINI-GYM' CORP.
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.



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MODEL M
☐ If you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

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come prepared for accidents!

All sensation gone from the hips down, he was able to concentrate on his problem. Should he try to free himself from the trap and attempt to drag himself over the five miles separating him from his ship? Would it be better to wait for the setters of the trap to find him? Obviously, they had not intended to catch a human—or had they? Could they have known he was coming?

Now he was being foolish. Even if they had, how would they know he would come in this direction and step in this particular spot? Perhaps they had traps placed in hundreds of other strategic places, and this just happened to be the first he'd blundered into. Still, it seemed offhand that there were more logical ways of catching him, if that indeed had been the trapper's intention.

He bent forward awkwardly, dropping his blaster at his side, and tried to pry the jaws of the trap apart. Five minutes of straining convinced him that it was beyond his strength — at least, under his present conditions.

He leaned back, grunting, and his right hand reached for the blaster. He groped blindly for a moment, then looked down, panic-stricken. The blaster was gone!

And in its place lay the water-soaked half-inch cigarette butt!

He shrank away from it and clawed at the trap again—this was indeed madness. He had to get away, to think these things out as clearly as possible.

He screamed out into the silence of the plains. "Who are you? What do you want with me?" The sound of his voice died with a frightening suddenness, and a fish leaped out of the water spitting an echo at him.

"Whooayoo? Wadooyoowantwizme?"

Hundreds of them leaped out of the water hooking themselves together by their hooked teeth like sections in a steel rod. They formed a shape that looked like the line caricature of a man's

skeleton. A circle for a head, two swinging lashing arms, and trembling, swaying legs. The words came flowing in spine-chilling harmony.

"Whooayoo? Wadooyoowantwizme?"

Suddenly the fish all dropped back into the water. He heard the sound of a deep roar in the sky above him. It looked like—It was—an Earth ship. The second ship of the convoy that was coming out to colonize Venus. He had to send an S.O.S. before they landed or they would never find him. There had to be some way to signal them. He couldn't think of a way, and finally it was too late. The ship downed rockets and he could tell that they had landed miles away from him. He was as good as dead now. He had about decided that these fish-creatures who smoked cigarettes, and stole blasters, and echoed things he said, were the only creatures that lived on Venus. Perhaps many years ago another Earth-traveler had landed on this planet and left this trap in hope of catching some animal for food. He had probably starved to death.

Suddenly it came to him. A way he could contact that Earth-ship. He called out in his weak voice. "Help!"

The fish leaped out of the brook and called, *"Hel-up!"* Other fish from other brooks took up the cry. *"Hel-up! Hel-up!"* The sound was relayed down the strange-hills of Venus. He knew that it would get to the ship, and that they would know he was alive, and come for him. . . .

Three days later, he was starving and weak. He was about to give up all hope of being saved, when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned and saw three men dressed in Earth-clothing. Thank goodness he was saved. One of them stepped forward and smiled at him.

He said: "Mr. Monongahela Munroe, I presume."....

THE END 8745

Reader's Digest Reports Good News for all sufferers from PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and Other Externally caused Skin Blemishes

SAME TYPE MEDICATION AS ALTON WAS USED IN SUCCESSFUL CLINICAL TESTS REPORTED IN Reader's Digest, JAN., 1952 (pg 81)

"To the best of our present knowledge.

*Only Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38 Will Cover The Entire Face . . . or Large Areas of Skin . . . Uniformly —Blending With Your Own Complexion To Hide All Skin Blemishes . . . While It Works!

It's astounding . . this new, revolutionary Formula which we believe makes all other skin preparations out-of-date! It's almost a miracle how quickly and easily the entire face, if necessary, can be smoothly covered. Alton has a life-like skin color; blends beautifully, applies like a dream. Alton is ideal as a medication base under make-up, too. You can look your best (Alton whisks skin blemishes out of sight) yet know that at the same time Alton is working. Combines active ingredients used by many leading skin specialists. Not greasy, has a pleasant scent, and is absolutely harmless. Remains intact until you wish to remove it. It's also water-repellent. In every way, Alton is the modern skin preparation, developed to answer the needs of those who care—and to answer them smartly, intelligently, and economically.

Special Note to GIRLS & WOMEN

Embarrassed by "periodic" pimples? You'll find Alton is a friend to your face during those trying times.

In addition to Alton Medicated Skin Formula #38, you also get the Special Skin Cleanser. Together, this Double-Action Combination enables you to attack your externally caused skin problems with all the knowledge medical science can place at your command.

Now, while the memory of prying eyes deepens your misery, resolve to do something about your skin worries. Send for the Alton Skin Combination today! There's no risk — you must be thrilled and delighted, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

Physicians & Hospitals desiring to make clinical tests will receive our complete cooperation. Please write at once.

Boys . . . Girls . . . Men & Women . . .

No matter your age . . . no matter your sex, the good things that make a full life are your heritage. Don't let them slip away because you did nothing about your blemished skin. Save your present — and your future . . . send today for Alton's Medicated Skin Formula #38 and Special Skin Cleanser. You will be grateful you did!

Try ALTON at our risk!

Skeptical? Wonder whether Alton can really do the job? That's a healthy attitude, and we welcome the chance to show you, at no risk to you. Yes, if you're not delighted in every way in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we refund not only the price you paid but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK. You have the chance to find skin happiness—and we take all the risk!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

This ironclad guarantee assures you the following: Either you are thrilled and delighted, or you may return the unused portion to us within 10 days and receive DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.

ALTON LABORATORIES, INC.

Rush DOUBLE REFUND COUPON

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363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Rush, in plain wrapper, Alton Skin Combination consisting of Medicated Skin Formula #38, and Special Skin Cleanser. I will pay postmen just $2 plus postage. If not delighted, may return unused portion within 10 days for refund of DOUBLE MY PURCHASE PRICE

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LET'S FORGET ABOUT CHESS GAMES IN FAR-OFF EUROPE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO TWO ORDINARY, EVERYDAY, AVERAGE PEOPLE... A MAN AND WIFE! THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THEM EXCEPT THAT ONE OF THEM IS **DEAD!** AND THE **OTHER** ONE ... WELL, YOU'LL SEE ...

THE CORPSE

YOUR WIFE IS DYING RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES! AND YOU'RE HELPLESS TO DO ANYTHING FOR HER! DIANE, THE WOMAN YOU'VE LOVED, ADORED, IS HAVING HER LAST ATTACK...AND NO POWER ON EARTH CAN SAVE HER! IN A MOMENT YOU'LL BE ALONE...SHE'LL BE GONE FROM YOU ...FOREVER!
by Stan Lee & Russ Manning
I CAN'T DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, MY DARLING! THE DOCTORS WARNED US IT WOULD HAPPEN! AT LEAST, THANK THE LORD THAT WE HAD A FEW HAPPY YEARS TOGETHER!
MY HEART! I CAN'T BREATHE! THE ROOM IS SPINNING! OH, JOHN... JOHN... HELP ME!
A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

YOU'VE HELD BACK YOUR EMOTION AS LONG AS YOU CAN! FINALLY IT REACHES THE BREAKING POINT AND YOU FALL TO YOUR KNEES, YOUR ENTIRE BODY SHAKING WITH UNCONTROLLABLE SOBS... SHE'S GONE FOREVER... YOU'RE ALONE NOW... COMPLETELY ALONE!

YOU LOOK AT THE DARKENED ROOM, AND A SHUDDER OF HORROR GOES THRU YOU! YOU REMEMBER HOW EVERYONE SAID YOUR HOUSE WAS HAUNTED... THAT A GHOST PROWLED THE HALLS EVERY NIGHT! BUT IT NEVER BOTHERED YOU, AS LONG AS DIANE WAS WITH YOU!

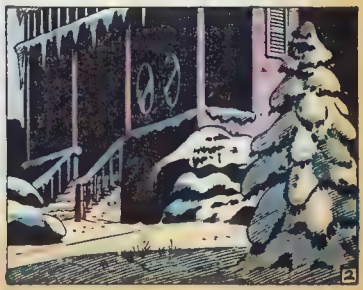
SUDDENLY YOUR MIND IS MADE UP! DIANE WILL ***STILL*** STAY WITH YOU! THEY MUST NEVER TAKE HER FROM YOU! THEY MUSTN'T BURY HER... SHUT HER UP UNDER THE GROUND, WHERE YOU CAN NEVER LOOK AT HER AGAIN!

IT'S ALL SO EASY! HOW CAN THEY TAKE HER? HOW WILL ANYONE KNOW SHE'S DEAD? ***YOU*** WON'T TELL THEM! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE... YOU'LL SPEAK TO NO ONE!

PEOPLE WOULD CALL YOU A GHOUL! THEY'D SAY YOU WERE MAD TO WANT TO REMAIN WITH A CORPSE... BUT YOU DON'T CARE! YOU NEED DIANE AS MUCH IN DEATH AS YOU NEEDED HER IN LIFE!

AND SO THE DAYS PASS BY... WITH JUST THE TWO OF YOU ALONE IN THE QUIET, DARKENED HOUSE... NO ONE WHO PASSES BY OUTSIDE CAN SUSPECT WHAT GHASTLY SECRET IS HIDDEN WITHIN THE SOMBRE WALLS!

THE SEASONS CHANGE AND STILL YOU REMAIN INSIDE WITH THE CORPSE OF YOUR WIFE... YOU'VE SPOKEN TO NO ONE, YOU'VE SEEN NO ONE FOR MONTHS... BUT YOU'RE NOT ALONE... WHAT DO YOU CARE IF THEY SAY YOUR HOUSE IS HAUNTED? DIANE IS WITH YOU!



BUT THEN YOU BEGIN TO NOTICE PEOPLE STARING AT THE HOUSE! THE NEIGHBORS ARE STARTING TO TALK, TO WONDER!

YOU SPEND MOST OF YOUR TIME AT THE WINDOW, WATCHING THEM... THEY'RE BEGINNING TO ASK QUESTIONS...

YOU REALIZE YOU MAY LOSE YOUR BELOVED DIANE!

YOU RACE FROM ROOM TO ROOM LIKE A MADMAN, DRAWING THE BLINDS TIGHTER AND TIGHTER...

YOU SNAP THE BOLTS ON THE DOORS AND CHECK ALL THE LOCKS...

BUT DEEP INSIDE, YOU KNOW IT WON'T HELP! YOU KNOW THE POLICE ARE ABOUT TO BREAK IN! YOU KNOW THEY'LL FIND DIANE... AND TAKE HER FROM YOU!

AND THEN IT HAPPENS! THE DOOR SPLINTERS LIKE MATCHWOOD UNDER THE HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS OF THE POLICE BATTERING-RAM!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

STAMPS

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NOW EVEN BETTER

THEY ENTER SLOWLY AT FIRST...CAUTIOUSLY...THE LEGEND OF THE GHOST WHO HAUNTS YOUR HOUSE HAS EVEN REACHED THE POLICE!

BUT FINALLY THEY REACH **HER** ROOM, AND BLINDLY OPEN THE DOOR...AND YOUR HEART SINKS!

YOU PLEAD...YOU BEG...YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN... BUT IT DOES NO GOOD! THEY ARE SO SHOCKED AT THE SIGHT THAT THEY IGNORE YOU...THEY SEND FOR A MORGUE BASKET...

AND IN A FEW FLEETING MOMENTS IT'S ALL OVER! THE BASKET...WITH DIANE INSIDE... IS CARRIED OUT OF THE HOUSE...AWAY FROM YOU... FOR ALL ETERNITY!

ONCE AGAIN THE HOUSE IS LONELY AND EMPTY!

YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GO TO HER...NEVER BE ABLE TO VISIT HER GRAVE!

YOU MUST JUST SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS ALONE IN THE HAUNTED HOUSE!

FOR WHO **ELSE** COULD YOU GET TO STAY WITH A GHOST?

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN SUSPENSE STORIES LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

WHEN THE PEOPLE OF EARTH COULDN'T SOLVE THE SIMPLE SECRET OF THE FLYING SAUCERS, THE MARTIANS KNEW EARTH WOULD BE A PUSH-OVER! IF THIS ISN'T THE FLYING SAUCER STORY TO END ALL FLYING SAUCER STORIES, WE GIVE UP!

FLYING SAUCER!

YOU HAVE NO NAME! FOR FLYING SAUCERS ARE NEVER GIVEN NAMES! YOU ARE MERELY NUMBER 184! ORIGIN: MARS... DESTINATION: EARTH... MISSION: CONQUEST!

WHOOOSSH

A TALE OF MADDENING MENACE!

by Stan Lee & Ronita

YOU CAN STILL REMEMBER A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO WHEN THE FLYING SAUCERS WERE ROCKETED TO EARTH! YOU HAD TO WAIT FOR 183 OTHER SAUCERS TO LEAVE BEFORE YOUR TURN WAS REACHED

FINALLY YOUR TURN CAME! WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST RIPPLE OF SOUND BUT FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF LIGHT YOUR MAGNETIC IMPULSORS HURLED YOU FROM YOUR MOTHER PLANET LIKE A GIGANTIC SLINGSHOT, TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING PLANET EARTH.

YOU SPANNED THE DARK VOID OF SPACE AS YOUR 183 PREDECESSORS HAD DONE... WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST MISHAP: OF THE 184 FLYING SAUCERS WHICH HAD LEFT MARS, EVERY ONE HAD REACHED EARTH SAFELY AND WITHIN SECONDS OF THE APPOINTED TIME!

AS YOU TAKE YOUR PREVIOUSLY PREPARED POSITION, 250 MILES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF EARTH, IMMEDIATE RADIO CONTACT IS MADE WITH THE PRIME SAUCER... FLYING SAUCER NUMBER ONE...

NUMBER 184 TO NUMBER 1... FLIGHT COMPLETED ...FURTHER ORDERS AWAITED...

AND A REPLY IS RECEIVED IN A MATTER OF SECONDS! BUT THE REPLY IS NOT BEAMED TO YOU ALONE...IT IS A GENERAL MESSAGE ON THE UNIVERSAL MARTIAN CIRCUIT... TO ALL FLYING SAUCERS...

ATTENTION, ALL SAUCERS! NUMBER 184 IS IN POSITION! NO OTHER SAUCERS WILL FOLLOW!

OUR INVADING FORCE IS NOW COMPLETE! THE CONQUEST OF EARTH WILL BEGIN ACCORDING TO PLAN X!

PLAN X! THE PLAN WHICH EVERY MARTIAN KNOWS BY HEART BEFORE REACHING HIS 600TH BIRTHDAY! THE MASTER PLAN OF CONQUEST! YOUR VISA-SCREENS ARE FOCUSED ON YOUR EARTHLY OBJECTIVE, AND THEN YOU DIVE DOWN ,AT A SPEED WHICH EARTHLINGS WOULD CONSIDER IMPOSSIBLE!.

YOUR OWN PARTICULAR DESTINATION IS A PART OF NASSAU COUNTY, 36 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY! YOU LAND SILENTLY, EFFORTLESSLY, IN FULL VIEW OF MORE THAN A HUNDRED INCREDULOUS MOTORISTS ON THE SOUTHERN STATE PARKWAY...

SCREEECH

SCREEECH

FROM BEHIND YOUR VISA-SCOPE THE PITIFUL SPECTACLE OF THE EARTHLINGS PANICKING AND COLLIDING WITH EACH OTHER'S VEHICLES EMPHASIZES HOW EASY THEY WILL BE TO CONQUER!

HONK HONK

BEEP BEEP

AFTER CENTURIES OF STUDYING THE EARTHLINGS, IT IS EASY TO PREDICT WHAT THEIR REACTIONS WILL BE TO THE LANDING OF THE SAUCERS: FIRST THE NEWS WILL BE SPREAD...
DIDJA SEE THAT? IT WUZ AN HONEST TO GOSH FLYING SAUCER!
QUICK! CALL THE PAPER WHILE IT'S STILL THERE!
WE BETTER CALL THE POLICE TOO... AND THE ARMY!
THEN IT WILL BE DISBELIEVED...
SURE! SURE! I KNOW... AND I SUPPOSE LITTLE MEN WITH 12 ARMS RACED OUT OF THE SHIP! LOOK... GET OFF THE WIRE... I'M A BUSY MAN!
BUT FINALLY IT WILL BE RELUCTANTLY INVESTIGATED...
HEY, CHARLIE—HOP OUT TO THE SOUTHERN STATE PARKWAY NEAR HUNTINGTON! SOMEBODY'S COOKED UP A FLYING SAUCER GAG OUT THERE—IT MIGHT MAKE AN ITEM FOR THE COMIC SECTION!
LAST WEEK IT WAS AN UNDERTAKER'S CONVENTION! THIS WEEK IT'S ANOTHER FLYING SAUCER WILD-GOOSE CHASE! I'LL PROBABLY DIE OF OLD AGE BEFORE I GET A REAL STORY TO COVER!
EDITOR
AND THEN, IN ONE DRAMATIC INSTANT, THE TRUTH WILL SINK IN... AND BE FLASHED AROUND THE PLANET!
JOE... IT'S TRUE I TELL YA... TRUE! IT'S A SAUCER... A REAL ONE! THE TROOPS GOT IT SURROUNDED...
NO... I AIN'T DRUNK... BUT I'M GONNA BE SOON!
LOUIE... KILL THE FIRST PAGE! YOU HEARD ME... KILL IT! AND PUT EVERY MAN ON 24 HOUR-CALL! THIS IS THE BIGGEST THING SINCE THE ATOM BOMB!
LISTEN TO THIS, HONEY... FLYING SAUCERS HAVE LANDED ON EVERY CONTINENT ON EARTH... AND ALL AT THE SAME TIME! THERE MUST BE A REASON!
CAN IT BE AN INVASION?
SAUCER INTACT!

THOSE WHO GUESS RIGHT WILL BE LAUGHED AT...

AN INVASION?!! SURE... WITH ABOUT A HUNDRED SAUCERS!! THEY'RE GONNA CONQUER EARTH WITH A HANDFUL OF SHIPS! HONEY, DON'T YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WAR?

WELL, IT WAS JUST A HUNCH!

AND THOSE WHO DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT WILL BE LISTENED TO.. AND BELIEVED...

IT SEEMS PERFECTLY OBVIOUS TO ME THAT ALL SAUCERS RAN OUT OF ENERGY AT THE SAME TIME AND LANDED TO RECHARGE THEIR GENERATORS! THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY HARM US! THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM!

HEAR THAT? I TOLD YOU THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! NOW TUNE IN SPORTS FINAL... I WANNA KNOW WHO WON TONIGHT!

.. NO CAUSE FOR ALARM!

AND THRU ALL THE COMMOTION.. THE DISBELIEF... THE PANIC, THE FEAR... THE CALMING DOWN... AND THE FINAL BOREDOM... YOU, AND THE 183 OTHER SAUCERS WILL JUST REMAIN MOTIONLESS ON EARTH'S SOIL... WAITING TO STRIKE!

FINALLY, THE GREATEST BRAINS ON EARTH WILL TRY TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU... WITHOUT SUCCESS...

I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING! RADIO BEAMS, ELECTRONIC PROBING... ATOMIC DETECTION ... THE CREATURES INSIDE RESPOND TO NOTHING!

CAN IT BE THAT THEY'RE DEAD?

ALL OVER EARTH, WHEREVER YOU AND YOUR SISTER-SAUCERS ARE, THE SAME CONCLUSION WILL BE REACHED...

THEY CAN'T BE ALIVE.. THEY'D HAVE COMMUNICATED WITH US BY NOW!

WE'LL HAUL THE SAUCERS TO OUR LABS FOR ANALYSIS!

I HOPE WE CAN EASILY OPEN THE HULLS... I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT THE CORPSES LOOK LIKE!

THE SCIENTISTS OF MARS ARE 100% ACCURATE IN THEIR PREDICTIONS, FOR EVERYTHING TAKES PLACE EXACTLY AS FORECAST! AND NOW, HERE YOU ARE ON A GIGANTIC ARMY TRAILER VAN, BEING MOVED TO A RESTRICTED AREA IN NEVADA, FOR STUDY BY THE TOP SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS OF AMERICA...

IT'S LAUGHABLE THE WAY THEY TRY TO BREAK THRU YOUR IMPENETRABLE SHELL! NOW PUNY THE EARTHLINGS' ATOMIC TORCHES AND ELECTRONIC RAYS SEEM TO A RACE WHICH IS CENTURIES AHEAD OF SUCH PRIMITIVE DEVICES! THE FORCE FIELD YOU HAVE THROWN AROUND YOURSELF IS ELEMENTARY TO THE YOUNGEST MARTIAN!

NO SCIENTIFIC WEAPON IS UNTRIED, IN THE VAIN EFFORTS TO SOLVE YOUR MYSTERY...X-RAY MACHINES, FLUOROSCOPES SPECTROSCOPES, GEIGER COUNTERS...BUT THEY MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE TRYING TO SEE THRU A WALL OF MARTIAN GRUTHOC WITH THEIR EYES CLOSED!

IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! ALL OVER THE EARTH, THE BEST BRAINS ON THE PLANET HAVE BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY TO LEARN WHAT'S WITHIN THESE SAUCERS...AND WE KNOW NO MORE ABOUT THEM NOW THAN WE WOULD IF WE HAD NEVER SEEN THEM!

WHAT IF THEY'RE GIGANTIC BOMBS... TIMED TO EXPLODE AT A GIVEN MOMENT... AND DESTROY ALL OF EARTH?

IT ISN'T LIKELY... IF THAT WERE THE CASE, THEY'D HAVE BEEN DETONATED ALREADY! WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?

THE SIMPLE TRUTH ABOUT YOU AND YOUR 183 SISTER-SHIPS IS RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES, BUT THEY'RE TOO BLIND TO SEE IT!

WELL, I GIVE UP. THERE ISN'T A FORCE ON EARTH CAPABLE OF OPENING OR X-RAYING THIS SHIP!

FINALLY, AT TWELVE NOON, OF A HOT, HUMID THURSDAY, EARTH TIME, THE LONG AWAITED SIGNAL IS GIVEN...

THE TIME IS NOW! ALL SAUCERS OPEN THEIR VENIPACS!

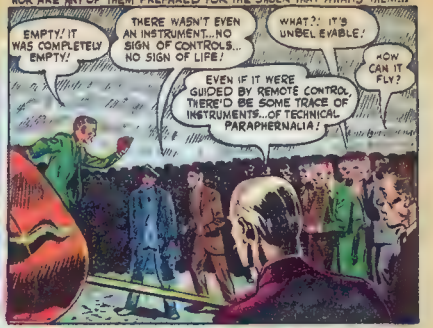
SLOWLY, DRAMATICALLY, YOUR VENIPAC GLIDES OPEN...ALLOWING ENOUGH SPACE FOR THE EARTHLINGS TO ENTER...

LOOK! AN OPENING!

AT LAST...AT LAST WE'LL KNOW!

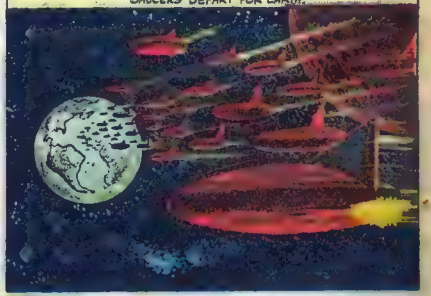
THE SCIENTISTS-IN-CHARGE AND THE RANKING GENERALS OF EVERY NATION VIE WITH EACH OTHER FOR THE HONOR OF BEING THE FIRST TO ENTER THRU YOUR VENIPAC! BUT NONE OF THEM NONE OF THEM SUSPECT THE SECRET WHICH LIES RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES!

NOR ARE ANY OF THEM PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK THAT AWAITS THEM...

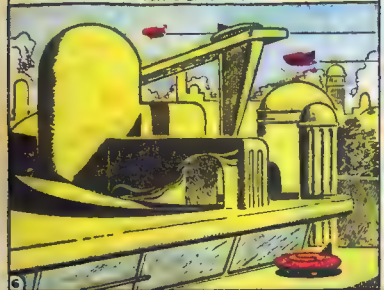

EMPTY! IT WAS COMPLETELY EMPTY!
THERE WASN'T EVEN AN INSTRUMENT...NO SIGN OF CONTROLS... NO SIGN OF LIFE!
WHAT?! IT'S UNBELEVABLE!
HOW CAN IT FLY?
EVEN IF IT WERE GUIDED BY REMOTE CONTROL, THERE'D BE SOME TRACE OF INSTRUMENTS...OF TECHNICAL PARAPHERNALIA!

BACK INTO YOUR VENIPAC GO THE BEST BRAINS OF EARTH...INTO THE VENIPACS OF 184 FLYING SAUCERS! AND THEN, THE VENIPACS CLOSE! THE GREATEST MINDS OF EARTH ARE MARTIAN PRISONERS!

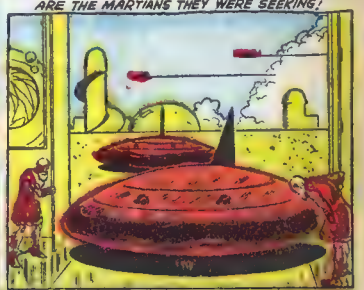
WITHIN MINUTES, EVERY BIT OF MILITARY AND SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE POSSESSED BY THE VICTIMS BECOMES MARTIAN INFORMATION! THE INVASION BEGINS IN EARNEST! NOT HUNDREDS...BUT MILLIONS OF SAUCERS DEPART FOR EARTH!



BUT ALL OF THAT IS PAST HISTORY, OF COURSE! TODAY, EARTH IS JUST A MARTIAN COLONY...AND HUMAN BEINGS ARE AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN RACE! AFTER ALL, HOW COULD A RACE SURVIVE WHEN THEY COULDN'T EVEN SOLVE THE SIMPLEST SECRET OF THE FLYING SAUCERS!



THEY WASTED PRECIOUS HOURS TRYING TO FIND THE MARTIANS INSIDE OF THE SAUCERS...NEVER SUSPECTING THAT MARTIANS CAN FLY THRU SPACE USING MAGNETIC IMPULSORS JUST LIKE EARTH BIRDS FLY THRU THE AIR USING WINGS. TOO BAD THEY NEVER GUESSED THAT *YOU SAUCERS YOURSELVES ARE THE MARTIANS THEY WERE SEEKING!*



SURPRISED? WELL, THAT'S THE IDEA! WE PERSONALLY HATE STORIES WHICH WE CAN GUESS THE ENDINGS OF, AND WE FIGURE THAT *YOU* DO, TOO. REMEMBER, [illegible] SWELL LETTERS TO IAN LEE, EDITOR, MENACE, 10 PARK AVE. WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITE STORIES, AND WHY? EVERY LETTER IS READ PERSONALLY AND YOU'LL FIND YOUR IDEAS APPEARING IN FUTURE ISSUES OF *MENACE!*

YES, RIGHT FROM DETROIT!

FROM THE AUTO CAPITOL OF THE WORLD
TO YOU . . . COMES THIS AMAZING

MOTORCADE BARGAIN

50 CARS FOR $1

REPAIR TRUCKS
HIGHWAY VANS
DELIVERY TRUCKS
U. S. ARMY PLANES
STREAMLINE TROLLEYS

NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN includes FIFTY miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U.S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic. Each car is an AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR of the motor capitol of the world! Fifty cars gives you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yes, you can even SWAP and TRADE A FEW for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

REALISTIC ACCESSORIES for your model train set-up!

Make wall panoramas with magazine picture background and highway foreground.

Start your own collection of miniatures: swap, trade, exhibit!

Play tic-tac-toe and other favorite games this different way.

8 FEET of CARS

YES! Put these cars, trucks and planes end-to-end and you have a motorcade almost 8-ft. long.

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Demonstrate and teach traffic and safety

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Please Rush *Sets of Cars at $1.00 each to:*

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We Pay Postage—Send Check, Cash or Money Order. Your Order Rushed!

"Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb. Skeleton

GLEASON CLEVELAND AFTER JOWETT TRAINING 160 lbs. of Muscle

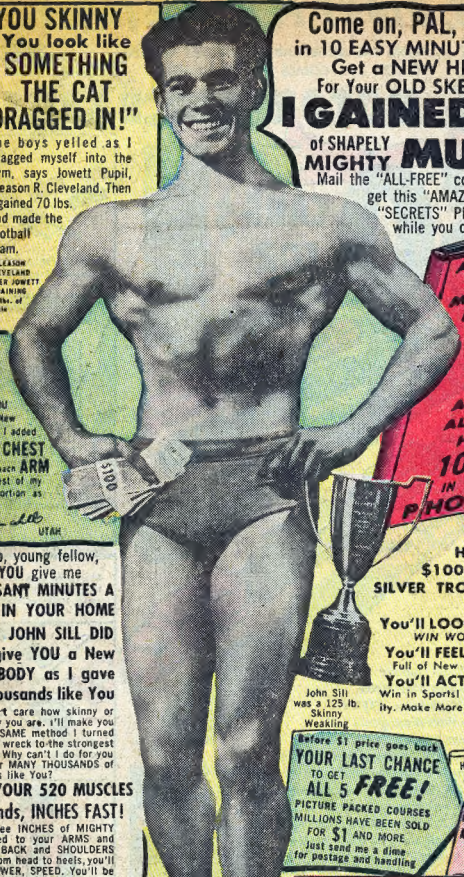
Now wouldn't YOU Like To Have A New Body Like Mine? I added 7 INCHES to my CHEST 3½ INCHES to each ARM and to the rest of my body in proportion as YOU can. Yours

John Jowett UTAH

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU do as I did in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS. of SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING "SECRETS" Photo Book while you can.



AMAZING SECRETS How to WIN MUSCLES like IRON NERVES of STEEL World's Great EXPERT Tells You How YOU Can BECOME An All-Around ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY IN YOUR HOME. PHOTO BOOK FREE while they last!

This Book will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and A BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It) as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN! WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS

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You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN! Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity. Make More Money.

John Sill was a 125 lb. Skinny Weakling

Let's go, young fellow, Now YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID and I'll give YOU a New HE-MAN BODY as I gave MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY 5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER SYSTEM BUILDS YOU 5-WAYS FAST SO YOU SAVE YEARS AND DOLLARS!

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

like John BECOME A MOVIE STAR HE-MAN

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How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN
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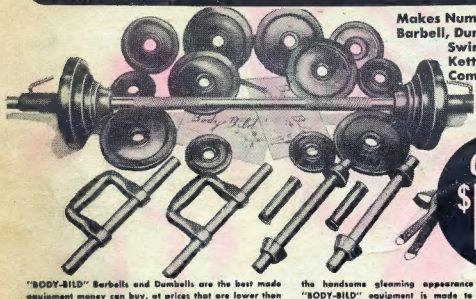

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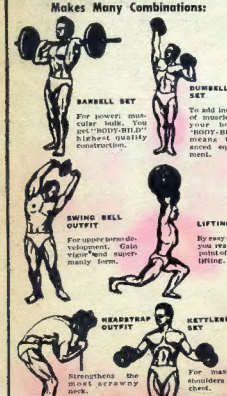
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For power; muscular bulk. You get "BODY-BILD" highest quality construction.
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3 Feet HIGH! ALL LIVE RUBBER*

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